POISON IVY™

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BLACK ADAM

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY FILES

THE OFFICIAL PRELUDES TO THE *BLACK ADAM* MOVIE!

BLACK ADAM - THE JUSTICE SOCIETY FILES: HAWKMAN #1
JULY

BLACK ADAM - THE JUSTICE SOCIETY FILES: DR. FATE #1
OCTOBER

BLACK ADAM - THE JUSTICE SOCIETY FILES: CYCLONE #1
AUGUST

BLACK ADAM - THE JUSTICE SOCIETY FILES: ATOM SMASHER #1
SEPTEMBER

EACH ISSUE ARRIVES WITH A PHOTO VARIANT COVER FEATURING THE STARS OF THE FILM!

WRITTEN BY
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BRYAN Q. MILLER

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BLACK ADAM

IN THEATERS
10.21.22

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Never say I **hate** the world, or anything in it.

I love the world. I love every **root** and **seed.** I love every little **pollinating insect.**

And I love you.

It's just that those are the **only** two things that I love.

One very **big**, the other very **small.**

Everything in between, I can't stand.

Madame?

ARE YOU QUITE ALL RIGHT?

YEAH. Sorry.

I GUESS I MUST HAVE DRIFTED OFF.

TAM

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR? YOU LOOK A BIT UNWELL.

I'LL BE OKAY ONCE I EAT SOMETHING.

FOOD IS GOOD MEDICINE.

YOU CAN'T EAT CRISPS FOR FIVE HUNDRED MILES AND WONDER WHY YOU FEEL SICK.

BUT NO MATTER--

--WE'LL SOON SET YOU TO RIGHTS. THAT IS WHAT WE DO HERE.

Sometimes people ask me if I'm a vegetarian.

The stupidest possible question. Let me tell you why.

NEW MEXICO. NOT LONG AGO.

Do you have any idea how environmentally catastrophic modern agave farming is?

In nature, agave plants are pollinated by long-nosed bats.

Please don't hurt me!

I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG!

PURITY AGAVE SYRUP

Making agave syrup for rich vegans requires killing thousands of mature agave plants at a time.

ATTACK.

In order to grow the plants quickly, farmers use sterile offshoots that produce no flowers.

HNGH

Without flowering plants, the long-nosed bats **die off.** The ecosystem loses a crucial pollinator.

Monoculture destroys the **soil.** Even the **genetic makeup** of the agave plants **degrades,** leaving them open to **blight** and **infection.**

None of this stops **vegetarians** from buying that **murder syrup** by the **quart.**

Mmmm.

Or from feeling like they really **did something** by giving up **chicken.**

So yeah. **Not** a vegetarian.

In fact, you might say I'm a **carnivore.**

A **healthy** ecosystem needs **predators** to keep plant-eating **prey species** from overwhelming the **Earth.**

Look at what **deer** will do to a **forest** without **wolves** to keep them in **check.**

HEY--I'M *REALLY* SORRY, BUT DO YOU MIND IF I SIT HERE?

EVERY OTHER SEAT IS TAKEN, AND I'M *STARVING.*

I'M *JENNY,* BY THE WAY.

I swear I'm not a *weirdo.* I'm just a *broke poet* sleeping in my *car.*

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR *WORD* FOR IT.

MY NAME IS *PAM.*

YEAH. I COULD TELL BY THE LABEL ON YOUR *UNIFORM.*

Oh. Right.

YOU MUST BE TIRED. *EVERYBODY* IN HERE IS *TIRED.*

YOU DON'T END UP IN A PLACE LIKE *THIS* IF YOU HAVEN'T SPENT *DAYS* AT THE *WHEEL.*

PAM

SO-- WHERE ARE YOU *HEADING?*

WEST.

FOR A *JOB.*

YOU?

POETRY NOT WORKING OUT?

LOOKING. ALSO FOR A JOB.

PAM

POETRY IS WORKING OUT *GREAT.*

IT'S JUST THAT NOBODY APPRECIATES IT ENOUGH TO *PAY* FOR IT.

FOR *EXAMPLE...*

I GET REALLY *EXCITED* ABOUT SOMETHING. *VIKING HISTORY,* LET'S SAY.

DID YOU KNOW THEY THOUGHT HUMAN BEINGS WERE DESCENDED FROM *TREES?*

I *DID,* IN FACT.

IT'S SO COOL! *TREES* HAVE A TRUNK AND BRANCHES, *HUMANS* HAVE A TRUNK-- LIKE LITERALLY WE CALL THE TORSO A *TRUNK*-- AND *ARMS*--

SO I READ ALL THESE BOOKS AT THE *LIBRARY,* AND I SPEND ALL THIS TIME *THINKING,* AND THE RESULT IS...

Their arms scaled in lichen, reaching out
To claw back the indifferent sky.

THAT'S *IT.* TWO LINES.

This is why poets never make any *money.*

WOW! WE HAVE AN ARTIST IN THE HOUSE!

A starving artist.

They're not bad people.

Their lives thread in and out of the tapestry of the world, individually harmless.

Can I really take that away from them?

What am I doing?

--AND IT LOOKED SO AMAZING THAT I'M STILL THINKING ABOUT GETTING IT TATTOOED SOMEWHERE.

Hmm?

THE SYMBOL. OF THE ANCESTOR TREE.

THE RUNE I WAS TALKING ABOUT.

Hnngh--

I've seen that symbol **before.**

In the realm of the **Green Man.**

ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'RE OKAY?

YEAH. JUST **DEHYDRATED.**

I have to stay **focused.**
I have to get to **work.**

I'VE BEEN DRIVING FOR A **LONG** TIME. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.

It takes **effort** *to guide this many* **spores** *around this many* **targets.**

This is the **perfect** *environment in which to seed* **new** *life.*

Back at the truck stop, I activated the lamia spores immediately.

But now I tell them to wait.

COME ON, EVERYBODY. FINISH UP. TIME TO HIT THE ROAD.

Wait for all these people to disperse across the country, taking the lamia spores with them to dozens of towns.

Spreading my children far more effectively than I could alone.

NICE FAMILY. CUTE KIDS.

YEAH.

Yeah, cute kids.

I remind myself that I'm giving them a much kinder and gentler death than the one they will have if they live through what's coming.

COME ON, EVERYBODY. WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY.

They're so complacent that they can't see what these grasslands will look like in a few short years.

Oh GOD!

GET INSIDE, QUICK!

Wildfire season is already longer and more intense than it was just fifty years ago.

Very soon it will be impossible to stop.

I'LL GONNA DIIIEEEE!

FIIIRE!

We have less than twenty years left to save this planet.

SLRRP

Half measures aren't enough anymore.

The only way to spare the Green from total destruction is to eliminate the problem.

...PAM?

Unfortunately, the problem is us.

Hmm?

HE'S ASKING IF YOU WANT MORE COFFEE.

OR DESSERT.

WE MAKE THE BEST GULAB JAMUN IN MONTANA.

YEAH. SURE. WHY NOT.

YOU LIKE SWEETS.

I CAN TELL BY YOUR KIND FACE.

He's already infected.

He'll go home tonight, chat with a neighbor, cross paths with the mail carrier.

And by tomorrow...

...they'll all be dead.

EVERYBODY KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF YOU.

IF ANYBODY IS CARRYING A WEAPON, PLEASE MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN.

I can't believe it.

I've been so careful. There is nothing to link the previous lamia deaths to me. Yet somehow--

THEY FOUND ME.

THEY FOUND YOU?

YOU TWO. NO MORE TALKING. HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEADS.

I thought you said you were a poet.

I am a poet!

But poets need side hustles!

WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU *DO?*

I MAY HAVE COMMITTED ONE *teeny tiny* **WIRE FRAUD** USING A COMPUTER AT THE *LIBRARY.*

WHAT DID YOU SAY *YOU* DO AGAIN?

I'M IN *LAND-SCAPING.*

JENNY BOLGER? YOU'RE UNDER *ARREST.*

STAND UP *SLOWLY.* KEEP YOUR *HANDS* BEHIND YOUR *HEAD.*

THIS IS *INCREDIBLY* INCONVENIENT. I HAVE PLACES I NEED TO *BE.*

Two weeks into my **big scheme...**

SORRY, PAM-IN-LAND-SCAPING.

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY *SAY--* AN ADVENTURE IS A JOURNEY *POORLY PLANNED.*

...and things are already going **sideways.**

I can't be **sure** *everyone in the dining room was* **infected.** *There wasn't enough* **time.**

And to tell you the **truth,** *part of me-- the* **sentimental** *part-- is glad.*

...Good luck.

I shouldn't intervene in this nonsense.

I should be out in the parking lot trying to hit as many frightened dinner guests as I can.

But you know me. I can't resist cute, blue-eyed criminals.

Okay. Here's how it's going to go.

When I tell you to start walking toward the door, you start walking, okay?

But--

No arguments.

Just do as I say and you go free.

Okay. Okay.

I'M COMING OUT! DON'T SHOOT!

Cops.

STOP!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

Always in the damn way.

The lamia spores are so fine as to be nearly invisible.

SURELY, WE CAN WORK SOME-THING OUT, BOYS.

I chase them up with a small dose of pheromone.

Just to keep the boys occupied.

PAM

You sure are pretty. I love red-heads.

They don't even notice as the lamia spores penetrate their soft tissues.

This time, I wake the spores up immediately.

KAFF KAFF

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? WHAT'S HAPPENING?

START WALKING.

She thinks I've saved her life.

I HAVE NO IDEA HOW YOU PULLED THAT OFF, BUT--

--YOU'RE MY HERO, PAM-IN-LAND-SCAPING.

And I suppose I have. For a few hours.

The policemen are calm as death slips over them.

They feel no pain, no fear. In fact, they feel some-thing like bliss.

Jenny is right.

Night-night, little piggies.

I am a hero. In my own way.

But I can't waste my time like this.

Being a character in other people's stories.

I don't have a lot of time left.

I can't get attached to people who are just going to d--

--The hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

Someone-- something-- is out there.

And it's not more police.

But nothing emerges from the darkness.

The toxin from the lamia spores is building up in my blood, making me jump at noth--

KRASH

?

Is it him?

The Batman?

But I'm wrong again.

Not the Batman.

Who could **possibly** have been looking over my shoulder when the **starving poet** drew that **rune**?

If I'm being followed, I need to alter my plans.

Damn it.

Find somewhere to lay very low for a few days.

And I have to get on the road now. Ahead of whatever is hunting me.

HI, GUYS.

HOW'S IT HANGING?

Wait.

Was Kaytee sitting that way before?

Maybe I really am losing my mind.

TRRR TRRR

I TOLD YOU YOU WERE MAKING A MISTAKE.

EDEN A SHORT WHILE AGO.

YOU'VE STOLEN SOMETHING YOU CAN'T CONTROL.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF.

YOU'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO HOLD ME BACK. YOU DON'T WANT ME TO TAKE THE STEP YOU COULDN'T.

YOU ARE UNBELIEVABLE, ISLEY.

YOU'LL LISTEN TO ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

THAT THING INSIDE YOU WILL KILL YOU LONG BEFORE YOU'VE MANAGED TO KILL OFF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE.

THIS WHOLE CRUSADE OF YOURS? IT'S NOT ABOUT SAVING THE GREEN.

IT'S ABOUT YOUR OWN RAGE.

NONE OF THIS IS GOING TO BRING *QUEEN IVY* BACK.

THE *POWERS* YOU HAVE *NOW* ARE THE POWERS YOU'VE *ALWAYS* HAD-- WHY CAN'T YOU BE *HAPPY* WITH THAT?

BECAUSE I REMEMBER WHAT IT *FEELS* LIKE TO BE A **GOD.**

VRRR

Gotta keep thinking happy thoughts.

Remember our little road trip?

I spent most of it as a houseplant.

But I remember everything.

EXIT 66

I remember your breathing. In and out. Your breath becoming my breath.

I miss you.

I wish you were here with me.

Here at the end of the world.

M TEL

DC COMICS PRESENTS:

POISON IVY

CHAPTER TWO.

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NEXT: YARD WORK.

She destroyed her past.
Now it's time to face the future.

ARTEMIS -WANTED-

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DC

July

One-shot aftermath of TRIAL OF THE AMAZONS

DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

Zatanna
THE JEWEL OF GRAVESEND

Interview with Alys Arden and Jacquelin de Leon

Writer Alys Arden and artist Jacquelin de Leon reinvent DC's most beloved magician as a teenager coming into her own in the new young adult graphic novel *Zatanna: The Jewel of Gravesend*—and the titular jewel will unravel everything Zatanna thought she knew about herself and her beloved New York neighborhood.

What is the concept for *Zatanna: The Jewel of Gravesend*?

Alys Arden: The story is about a young Zatanna who's always been in the shadow of her master illusionist father. She's quite content to stay behind the camera, but as Zatanna comes into her magic she's also going to have to step into the limelight.

Jacquelin de Leon: I had lots of fun drawing her attitude! I included lots of eye-rolling, which was my favorite part. Of course, designing and modernizing Zatanna's clothes for a teenager was also really fun.

How did you re-create the story's real-world setting of Coney Island on the page?

de Leon: I loved designing all the weirdness around Coney Island. I wanted to make sure the color palette reflected how magical the story was. I included a lot of lights, glows, and sunsets.

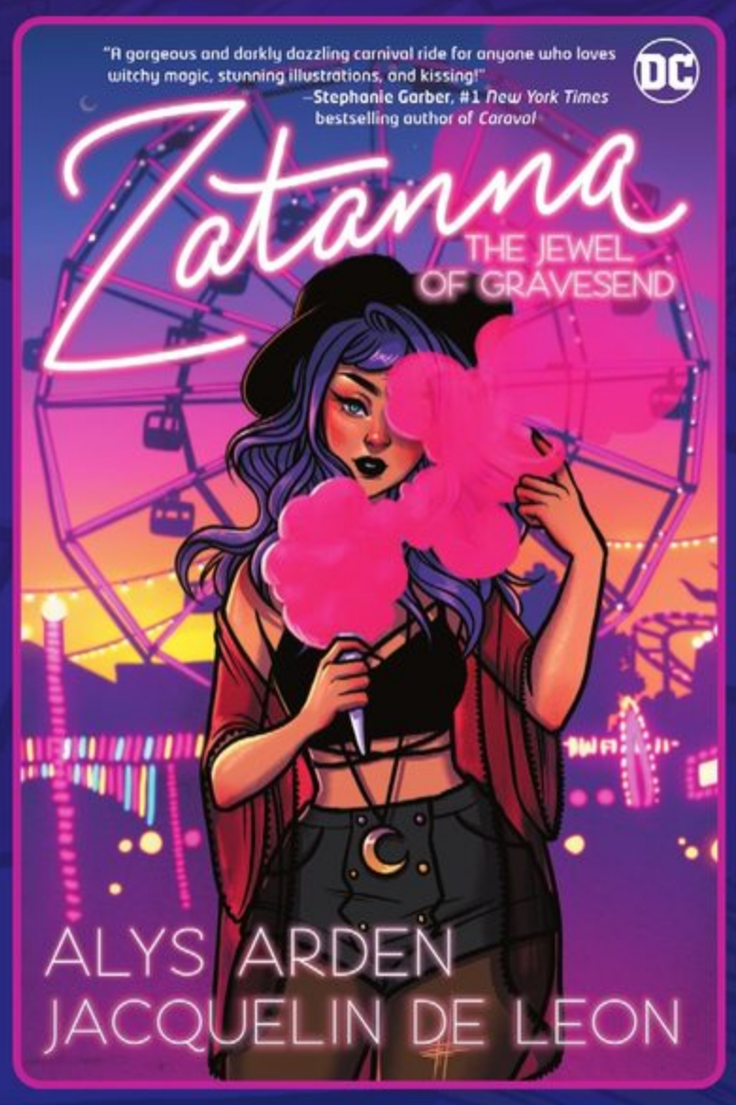
Backward dialogue is a fundamental part of the Zatanna mythos. What was it like to write that?

Arden: It was a mind trip. We wanted mirror-script to be a fundamental part of the story. We included a lot of written versions of it. I really had to think about not only what it looked like in dialogue, but how it would appear in a window, mirror, etc.

What do you want readers to take away from this story?

Arden: We see lots of different versions of family in this story. I believe that all types of family can be equally strong and lasting, and I'm glad readers get to experience that in this.

de Leon: I hope it inspires a lot of young girls to be themselves. They shouldn't be afraid to embrace anything weird about them, because Zatanna is very different and interesting.


"A gorgeous and darkly dazzling carnival ride for anyone who loves witchy magic, stunning illustrations, and kissing!"
–Stephanie Garber, #1 New York Times bestselling author of Caraval
DC
Zatanna
THE JEWEL OF GRAVESEND
ALYS ARDEN
JACQUELIN DE LEON

Don't miss *Zatanna: The Jewel of Gravesend*, on sale in July!

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"